

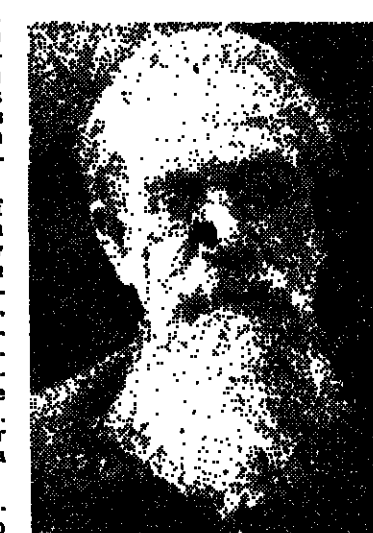




# Revolution without coercion

By Leonard Schapiro

Other contributors argued from different angles around the central theme that the individual precedes society and that spiritual re-education precedes political reform. The volume was a trenchant attack on the intelligentsia—though that it was an attack was denied by the editor (M. Carshenyon)—and it produced a furor of protest from both the left and the right.



Struve in middle life. from Richard Pipes's biography.

Yekhi can be criticized in some respects—and Pipes does criticize it. But its main thesis was proved up to the hilt in 1917 when the intelligentsia failed to rally in support of law and order, and opened the way to the dark age of Bolshevism.

During the First World War Struve played an important part as chairman of the committee for limiting trade with the enemy. He visited England in 1916 (where his growing reputation as an economist and writer had gained him an honorary L.D. at Cambridge), returning to Russia in 1917—the year in which, on the eve of the February revolution, he successfully defended his doctoral dissertation at Kiev University, and a few months later, was elected a member of the Academy of Sciences.

The revolution of March 1917 did not fill Struve with elation—in this he differed from virtually all other representatives of the "op-

position camp". His anxiety stemmed from the fear that without a lawful transfer of authority from the bureaucracy to representatives of "society" Russia would collapse, since the intelligentsia's utopian aspirations disguised as "class struggle" would unleash destructive anarchy. After the Bolshevik coup in November 1917 Struve identified himself as closely and energetically as he could with the political side of the White movement of military resistance to Bolshevism. He believed that by doing so he was fighting for the cause of liberty in Russia. His last service was with General Wrangel, whom he did much to promote as the head of the final Russian anti-Bolshevik government. With the defeat of Wrangel, there began (in 1920) Struve's long years of exile, which lasted until his death in 1944.

Life in exile was spent by Struve first in Paris, and then in Prague, where he became Professor of Political Economy at the Russian Juridical Faculty, which had been established at Prague University in order to train lawyers and civil servants for a future democratic Russia. After an unhappy period as editor of the monarchist periodical *Vozrozhdenie* (Renaissance), he settled in Belgrade in 1928, where he was to remain until 1942. The last years of his life were spent in German-occupied Paris. Throughout his years of exile he played a leading and energetic role in Russian émigré politics. He opposed with all his might both the facile optimism of the day—especially those who followed the Kadar leader Milyukov—who claimed to see evolution in Soviet Russia towards a nationalist bourgeois order, and the extremism of the monarchists. As has always been the case with the small band of Russian thinkers who have followed the middle road, Struve was abused as a rabid reactionary by the left, and as a dangerous red by the right.

Struve's literary output extended over a vast range of subjects. His main efforts were devoted to economics and history, but literature, sociological and political analysis, among other subjects, feature in the 665 items listed by Professor Pipes in his bibliography (quite apart from hundreds of newspaper articles). Professor Pipes provides an extended analysis of Struve's economic writings, but leaves judgment on their significance to some future economist. His historical writings display immense erudition and originality—it is much to be regretted that his major work, a comprehensive social and economic history of Russia, remained unfinished. He will probably be best remembered for his penetrating analysis of Russian politics in general and the Russian Revolution in particular, and for his tireless advocacy of liberty within the framework of legal order.

Struve described himself as a "liberal conservative"—a term first applied by Prince Viazemsky to Pushkin, whom Struve held in lifelong veneration. The list of Russian liberal conservatives is not long: apart from Struve, there were Mazensky and Pushkin, historian Karavayev, Admiral Morozov, the novelist Turgenev, the Zemstvo activist Dmitri Shipov, the jurists Boris Chicherin and A. P. Koni, Stolypin, and a few others. They are all distinguished by their belief that freedom, which is the prime human desideratum, can only flourish on a foundation of legal order and private property; that it can be achieved only by gradual evolution and not by revolution; and that it must be based on the foundation of recognizing the value of one's national heritage. But in this context Struve completely rejected the idea so dear to the slavophiles and the populists (populism was for him "the synthesis of Russian thought") that Russia should pursue some separate path from Western Europe—national Russia was for him personified by Peter the Great and Pushkin.

Like so much of Struve's political writing, his analysis of the Russian Revolution has stood up particularly well. He rejected the frequently drawn parallel between the Russian and French revolutions, because the societies in which they took place were fundamentally different. The distinctive cause of the Russian Revolution was the traditional non-involvement of the peasantry in the political process of Russia's two principal population groups—the educated élite and the peasant masses. The "educated minority" were, as a result of the denial of political participation, imbued with the "psychology and traditions of political apostasy" while the peasants, being denied until too late any sense of private property, and consequently the appreciation

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# Victorianism's pinnacle

By David Watkin

DAVID COLE:  
The Work of Sir Gilbert Scott  
253pp. Architectural Press. £25.  
0 85139 723 9

Sir Gilbert Scott (1811-1878), whose name can be connected with the design or restoration of over 800 buildings, dominates the Victorian architectural scene as a somewhat of a major works, the Albert Memorial, St Pancras Station Hotel, the Foreign Office, lend a distinctive character to the capital city. Rising from modest beginnings with no formal education, he became the knighted head of the largest architectural practice in the world in his day and died a millionaire in modern terms. His career was thus the archetypal Victorian success story and no attempt to understand the architectural and religious scene in the nineteenth century can possibly ignore him. It was at the centre of the debates about the religious and political implications of architectural styles, ie Gothic and Italianate, while his extensive and restless restoration of medieval buildings caused William Morris to found the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings in 1877.

To write adequately about so energetic, controversial and commanding a figure would require not only industry and devotion, which David Cole clearly has, but also powers of scholarship and of historical imagination, which he does not claim to possess. He writes of his book that it is only "a partial survey of the immense industry of Sir Gilbert Scott's office. Perhaps a complete and documented account is in the future. But if the present work makes Scott better known, this will be a small achievement." But Scott's name is already well known—his celebrated *Personal and Professional Recollections* (1879) was the first autobiography of a British architect to be published—and what is now needed is documented facts combined with historical understanding. If Mr Cole's book is not "a complete and documented account," it is difficult to see in what its value consists since it is not an impressive example of intellectual history or of architectural interpretation. In fact it is a rather lacklustre example of what one might call "pre-Grounds" architectural history. Indeed Mr. Grounds' article on Scott's most important house, Kew Hall, is omitted from the very inadequate bibliography, which also excludes valuable articles on Scott by Peter Murray such as his brilliant "Sybilianism" in the *Albert Memorial* (*Architectural Review*, Volume 135, 1964). Mr. Cole's own full account of Scott's splendid and exasperating masterpiece is especially disappointing. It would have been interesting, for example, to have had an account of the changing critical reactions over the last century to a monument which has always been seen as the quintessence of Victorianism.

Mr. Cole is stronger when giving factual details of Scott's cathedral and parish church restorations, though the material is confusingly presented: for example, the chapter entitled "Restorer, 1859-64" unexpectedly includes accounts of new buildings such as Wellington College chapel, the Albert Memorial, Princess Mary Hall, and the Infirmary and Beckett's Bank in Leeds, while the parish church restorations appear in a chapter called "Public Figure, 1864-72". In coincidence with Scott's restoration of Aylesbury parish church, Scott's *Recollections* of the vicar of Aylesbury, who had long been annoyed by the church clock striking twelve while he was reading the communion service. The sexton there tied a long wire to the clapper of the bell and, when he wanted to silence it, secured the wire to a hook which he had driven into one of the pews. He thus hoped to render the clapper immovable but, in so doing, he was the cause of a long time, the clock made violent spasmodic efforts to strike twelve, and at every stroke it lifted up the corner of the crazy old pew and let it down again. The congregation, flushed from the supposed falling church, on seeing incidentally, the extensive restoration of the Hall and Combination Rooms at Peterhouse by G. G. Scott, junior, is wrongly attributed on

page 209 to Sir Gilbert Scott, while there is no mention anywhere in the text of one of Sir Gilbert's major works, St John's College Chapel, Cambridge.

Scott was at the centre of the debate conducted on both sides of the channel about the value of medieval architecture, the acceptance of restoration and the choice of a modern style. A comparison between him and Viollet-le-Duc would thus be particularly illuminating, but the single paragraph which Mr Cole devotes to this purpose is unimpressive. He claims that Viollet-le-Duc's "Entretiens sur l'Architecture" can in part be compared with Scott's own *Remarks on Secular and Domestic Architecture*, but had he attempted to make this comparison it would have undermined the starting intellectual differences between the two men. Nor is it reassuring to find Sulzberger's name given as "Boisere" and the Sainte-Chapelle, Notre-Dame and Vézelay all misspelled on page 68.

Scott's autobiography, with the unintentional humour of its endless self-praise and self-justification, is a thorough, frank and marvellously readable account. It is surely one of the central documents of the Victorian age, but Mr Cole does not discuss it properly, nor does he seem to have consulted the original manuscript which contains much unpublished material. This sheds light on the life of Scott, but it is really a pity that the underdog of the Victorian age, Mr Cole, does not seem to have consulted the original manuscript which contains much unpublished material. This sheds light on the life of Scott, but it is really a pity that the underdog of the Victorian age, Mr Cole, does not seem to have consulted the original manuscript which contains much unpublished material.

The original manuscript, which consists of five thick notebooks presented to the RIBA in 1974, is not included in Mr Cole's bibliography. Indeed, his list of sources on pages 201-4 is so impressive as to be valuable. It is not enough to be under the head "Drawing" that there are "Many old drawings at museums, county archive collections, libraries, etc." or under "Correspondence" that "Many letters exist in parish records, county archive collections, and houses." The most puzzling entry is that under "Pamphlets" which consists simply of the laconic statement, "About forty printed pamphlets and reports are known." By whom or on what subject is not stated.

Mr. Cole must often have felt daunted and overwhelmed by the sheer mass of recorded commissions and it is of course, commendable that he should have reduced this material to some order within the pages of a single book. It is a disappointment, therefore, to have to be so negative about what has obviously been a labour of love over a long period, and I hope that others may find it more illuminating and instructive.

Granada have begun a series of books offering in modest format (96pp., £3.95 each) an artist's complete paintings. The first list includes Bosch, Dürer, Botticelli, Rembrandt (two volumes), and El Greco. The general editor is John Piper, and each volume is illustrated in colour and in black-and-white.

## Discoverer

White and curved as a shell she lies  
On the long dune of the beach,  
Mother-of-pearl in her nails and eyes;  
In her head  
Oceanic themes have stirred  
Through, leaving  
Galleries sea-meaning  
Without foam of the word.

Who found the shell still hardly breathes  
Lest he derange the music. Ear  
Flattened against her body's thresholds  
To hear  
The pulse of pleasure setled,  
He ponders  
Over her name, and wonders  
At woman pleased.

James Michie



Eliza Doolittle's sisters and cousins and aunts: women shelling peas in the old Covent Garden Market, from the book reviewed here.

# From vegetables to vegetarians

By Colin Amery

ROBERT THORNE:  
Covent Garden Market  
Its History and Restoration  
120pp. Architectural Press. £4.95.  
0 85139 099 4

The cover of *Covent Garden Market* reproduces a "View of the Market from James Street" painted by Phoebe Levin in 1864. It is a marvellously lively picture: the market building is surrounded by a mass of jovial Londoners, market porters, rakes, beggars all thronging around baskets of fruit and vegetables that are overflowing with the produce. Life throbs in this painting and you have the sensation that only a great city market can give of the country coming to town.

Covent Garden was until 1974 one of the liveliest spots in central London. It was an enormous pleasure to surface from the dark recesses of the Piccadilly tube line and be hit by that pungent smell of earth and cabbage. The noise was tremendous, the language basic and the traffic chaos total, but it all added up to a flavour that can never be recaptured.

Robert Thorne's book has been published to mark the restoration and re-opening of the Central Market buildings by the Greater London Council. It is a clear, cogent and concise account of the long and often wearisome struggle that arose about the future of the whole Covent Garden area of London after the decision to move the fruit and vegetable market to Nine Elms in Battersea had been taken in the early 1960s. It is important to bear in mind that Mr Thorne is an employee of the Greater London Council and he writes in his official capacity as historian in its Historic Buildings Division. His concentration on the history of the buildings and on their recent restoration. He is rather dismissive of the great social and political struggle that focused on

Covent Garden—surely one of the most important battles for the retention of the old fabric of our cities was fought here during the 1960s and 1970s? Indeed the battle still goes on to save specific buildings for community rather than commercial uses. The Jubilee Hall is in temporary use as a community sports hall but the Greater London Council favours its redevelopment, despite almost total opposition to their developers' commercial proposals.

Mr Thorne steers a steady architectural historian's course. He is interested in the buildings and the history of three hundred years of this London market. There is a heavy irony, however, in the foreword to the book by William Bell, the chairman of the GLC Historic Buildings Committee. He blantly writes: "Covent Garden is one of London's most important and best preserved historic neighbourhoods." Yet if the original proposals of the 1960s Draft Plan for the Covent Garden area, prepared by the Covent Garden Planning Team made up of officials from the GLC, the City of Westminster and the Borough of Camden, had been carried out, Covent Garden today would have been an unrecognisable as the wired city centres common all over Britain. Covent Garden was not saved by the planners, whatever they say today—it was public protest, private lobbying at the highest levels and the disenchantment with modern architecture that forced the changes in the official plans to ruin this part of London. The true story of the redevelopment and conservation of Covent Garden has yet to be told, but it should at least be revealed that Geoffrey Rippon's decision to add 245 buildings to the list of officially protected historic buildings was the result of a lasting prepared as much by amateur enthusiasts as by the officials of the Department of the Environment.

Mr Rippon agreed to comprehensive redevelopment in the area while at the same time frustrating it by listing so many buildings and vegetable market to Nine Elms in Battersea had been taken in the early 1960s. It is important to bear in mind that Mr Thorne is an employee of the Greater London Council and he writes in his official capacity as historian in its Historic Buildings Division. His concentration on the history of the buildings and on their recent restoration. He is rather dismissive of the great social and political struggle that focused on

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The best part of this book is the section, which deals in detail with the history of the main market buildings. The design for the Plaza imposed on the area an Italian scale and rationality of a generosity that still seems remarkable. This generosity, soon abused by the spread of the market and the attempts of the successive Dukes of Bedford, who owned the land, to organize the market traders. It was not until the 1820s that the build-

ings designed by Charles Fowler succeeded in restoring order to the chaos. It is these buildings, with their iron roofs added in 1855 and 1889, that have just been restored, and opened as a series of shops by the GLC.

It has always been apparent that the robust qualities of great markets cannot be recaptured or "restored" and a puzzling feature of the GLC's activities in the Covent Garden area is that they were forced by the despair of the 1940s, were not much interested in suffering, were impatient of poetic sensibility. They were, Scott added, "anti-phoney" and "anti-wet".

Scott also noted that The Movement included writers of fiction: he mentioned Amis's *Lucky Jim*, Wain's *Hurry on Down*, and Iris Murdoch's *Under the Net*. The latter was a mistake—Miss Murdoch belongs to different genre, but one can see that the addition of the other two made describing The Movement a lot easier. Out of these novels comes the identifiable Movement hero—provincial, lower-middle-class, a bit outlandish, but at least an upper-class type, who is not for class women, and is a fairly tough intelligence and an unwillingness to be deceived.

And Conquest: "If one had briefly to distinguish this poetry of the fifties from most general point of view, it would be that it submits to no great systems of theoretical constructs nor agglomerations of unconscious commands. It is free from both mystical and logical complications. Amis and Wain would turn more and more to fiction; Conquest would interest himself in politics and science fiction. These were all achievements beyond the scope of the Movement; they could not be nostalgically simply by not being received, or by adopting a "neutral tone".

Wain thought the Movement's work was done by 1957: but just what was that work? Did *New Lines* turn English poetry around? Were Romanticism and Modernism fostered by North and South? The Movement did have a profound and lasting effect on English poetic style—and a most desirable one. Movement poems were a demonstration by writers who were young, intelligent, and modern, that the methods of Modernism were not the only form that a response to modern existence could take. *The Waste Land* had not made not only traditional verse forms, but the structures of logic and the diction of plain statement were renewed—or, since Movement principles were generally stated in negative terms, illogic and inflated diction were a determination to avoid bad principles—as Conquest put it—does not seem a sufficient programme for a poetic movement, still you might argue that it made the mature Larkin, and the mature Davies, possible.

In their criticism the Movement poets accomplished two worthy things: they moderated the extravagant reputation that Dylan Thomas had at the time of his death (moderated it indeed to the point where it might be time for a modest revival of the later poets—the early work can be left to continue sinking quietly from sight); and, they—especially Davies and Larkin—con-

BLAKE MORRISON:  
The Movement  
325pp. Oxford University Press.  
£5.50  
0 19 212210 X

In August 1954 Anthony Hartley announced in the pages of the *Spectator* a new, as yet nameless literary movement. It was, by Hartley's account, a group of younger poets—John Wain, Donald Davie, Thom Gunn, and Kingsley Amis—were prominently mentioned—who were primarily, a tone that Hartley described as "dissenting" and "non-conformist, cool, scientific and analytical", and that was, he added, "the poetic equivalent of liberal, dissenting England".

Six weeks later an anonymous leader-writer (now identified as the *Spectator*'s literary editor, J. D. Scott) legitimized the group by giving it a name and a family tree: it was The Movement, and it descended from George Orwell, E. M. Forster, and Professor Empson; a plain speaker, a critical moralist, and a brilliant formalist. The Dr and the Professor? The titles were part of the slightly joke picture: The Movement were an academic lot, who held university appointments, and so their heroes were identified in academic terms. Aside from this point, Scott's account of their characteristics was mainly a string of negations: they were forced by the despair of the 1940s, were not much interested in suffering, were impatient of poetic sensibility. They were, Scott added, "anti-phoney" and "anti-wet".

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# Sweeping the empty stage

By Samuel Hynes

In all this for-and-against there was a sense of The Movement as something both modest and corrective: a preparation, perhaps, for something bigger and better; "the present seems to have been what we are regrounding". Enright wrote: "a time for retreating—in order to advance all the more surely, we hope". Conquest put it more tersely: "The Movement existed, he said, because 'the stage needed sweeping'".

But why, one might ask, did it need sweeping just then, in the mid-1950s? Literary history alone does not provide an adequate explanation (does it ever?). By the mid-1950s Eliot had stopped writing poems, Auden had gone to America, Empson had published no new verse for many years, and Dylan Thomas was dead. Why sweep the stage, then, when the stage was empty? Why retreat, when there was no visible opponent to retreat from?

If it nevertheless suited The Movement poets to think of themselves as sweeping and retreating, the explanation for this strategy must be sought, not in literary matters, but in political and social history. Suez? the Hungarian Uprising? the British atomic tests? These were all events of the mid-1950s, but occurred too late (in 1956) to have anything to do with the strategy must be sought. One must rather look to the general history of the post-war years, the Attlee ministry of 1945-50 followed by the return of Churchill, the inability of Labour to sustain its post-war momentum, the evident inevitability of the coming of the Conservative Empire. What The Movement was sweeping out, or retreating from, were high hopes, idealism, optimism, political commitment, all the expansive abstractions of the past.

You can see this cautious, conscious diminishment expressed most baldly in the reduction of Enright and Conquest wrote for their two autobiographies. Thus Enright: "The contemporary poet's task is not to whitewash, but to get beneath the mud; and this necessitates not only a willingness to recognize the worst, but also a fairly tough intelligence and an unwillingness to be deceived." And Conquest: "If one had briefly to distinguish this poetry of the fifties from most general point of view, it would be that it submits to no great systems of theoretical constructs nor agglomerations of unconscious commands. It is free from both mystical and logical complications. Amis and Wain would turn more and more to fiction; Conquest would interest himself in politics and science fiction. These were all achievements beyond the scope of the Movement; they could not be nostalgically simply by not being received, or by adopting a "neutral tone".

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the making of the Movement Hero: Jim Dixon is a kind of self-parody of the group, a Movement poet without the poetic talent (or the ambition). But he is more than that; he is someone who a generation earlier would have been what he is in the novel—a university lecturer in medieval history—and that is one of the relevant circumstances. As has often been remarked, The Movement was essentially a gathering of dons; but they were dons drawn mainly from outside the class that has traditionally populated British Common Rooms. They spoke the academic language, all right; but they spoke it with an ironical difference.

And the War? Almost all of the Movement poets were born between 1920 and 1926, so they were old enough to serve in the Forces, and could have been War Poets (both Keith Douglas and Sidney Keyes were of this generation). They weren't, though; only two—Amis and Conquest—ever mentioned military service in their biographical notes to Enright's anthology. A more important circumstance, for their writing, was that they were young enough not to have lived as adults in the pre-war world: adult, in that sense, far from, in the Welfare State.

It seems clear that these two kinds of dislocation—the dislocations of class and the dislocations of war—must have had consequences for the mode of address that these young poets adopted: if they wrote an essentially defensive poetry, it was surely that they were avoiding emotion and "sensitivity", they did so for good and understandable reasons. For its members, The Movement's tone was a social necessity.

And then, suddenly, it was all over. Blake Morrison's last sentence says of The Movement: "to all effects and purposes it ceased to operate after 1956". Wain, writing in 1957, was sure that "the revolt is now over, its work is done"; and two years later Davies was "Remembering the Movement" in the disapproving tones of a Methodist elder recalling what wasted youth. Why, if the Movement was so important to them, were they so quick to be shed of it? In part, surely, because its principles, as they had defined them, were too narrow, too limited, and too negative. Why, if the Movement was so important to them, were they so quick to be shed of it? In part, surely, because its principles, as they had defined them, were too narrow, too limited, and too negative. Why, if the Movement was so important to them, were they so quick to be shed of it? In part, surely, because its principles, as they had defined them, were too narrow, too limited, and too negative.

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tributed a good deal to the present recognition of Hardy's importance as a major modern poet. But even these critical accomplishments were the more convincing because the poems supported them by example; you could see from the dictionary and good sense of their poems that Hardy's way of writing was a good way, and Thomas's a bad one.

The essential assumptions of the literary historian must be that art has historical location, and that its meanings include that location; and that words refer to the world as it is, not as it would be. The Movement writers, but not pariahs; and that words refer to the world as it is, not as it would be. The Movement writers, but not pariahs; and that words refer to the world as it is, not as it would be. The Movement writers, but not pariahs; and that words refer to the world as it is, not as it would be.

Morrison's greatest skill is in the way he avoids linear history and poem-by-poem commentary (both fatally dull) by finding the right themes ("Class and Culture", "The Sense of an Audience", "Against Romanticism", "Tradition and Belief") and organizing his poems and poems around them, and by using single events out of the book, which he intends to show "how two literary careers developed and were received by the scholarly-critic and the contemporary reviewer", gives lists of harsh authors' books (from *The Desert in the Mirror*, 1956, to *Mixed Feelings: Nineteen Poems*, 1951 to *Professing Poetry*, 1977) and contains summaries of the critical writings on, and reviews of, their work year by year up to 1977.

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Who should against his murderer  
shut the door?  
Not bear the knife myself. Besides,  
This Duncan  
Hath born his faculties so meek,  
So clear in his great office, that his  
virtues  
Will plead like angels trumpet-  
tongued against  
The deep damnation of his taking-  
off.  
And pity, like a naked new-born  
babe,  
Striding the blast, or heaven's  
cherubin horsed  
Upon the sightless couriers of the  
air,  
Shall blow the horrid deed in every  
eye,  
That tears shall drown the wind.  
Macbeth's pre-occupations lead his  
mind involuntarily into what Kille  
called "the open".

Macbeth: "I will proceed no  
further in this business.  
He hath honoured me of late; and  
I have bought  
Golden opinions from all sorts of  
people,  
Which would be worn now in their  
newest gloss,  
Not cost aside so soon.  
Lady Macbeth: Was the hope drunk  
Wherein you dressed yourself?  
Hath it not been so green and pale  
At what it did to so freely?

Great portents like angels appear  
and enter it, yet they are wholly  
at home with every incongruity of  
the distracted consciousness. They  
enhance it, and our own conscious-  
ness takes for granted the con-  
comitant and touchingly domestic  
upshot of their visitation: Macbeth's  
sudden wish to enjoy his new reputa-  
tion rather than commit himself  
to murder.

Othello's and Iago's speeches not  
only lack this freedom in inco-  
herence but hold the onlooker in the  
grip of their own obsessions. It was  
essential for the new dramatic  
structure that Shakespeare had made  
on the basis of the cautionary tale  
by the Italian moralist Cinthio—in  
which Othello and Iago are much  
the same kind of person—that  
Othello and Iago should be kept  
as far apart as possible, that  
Othello's love for Desdemona be  
kept as far apart as possible from  
that *fabliau* underworld of monotonous  
sexual commonplaces. The new  
structure requires something that  
psychology cannot permit, for "foul  
things" must indeed intrude into  
every mind, into the "palace" of  
Othello's as well, and not just  
because they have been put there by  
Iago.

In the first temptation-scene such  
thoughts do seem to spring out of  
Othello's mind as if they had indeed  
been sitting there in session and  
awaiting an occasion of utterance.  
Othello's error is to suppose that  
they are "foul things" for they  
are, in a sense perfectly normal,  
perfectly compatible with the ordi-  
nary incongruity of human con-  
sciousness, but here the psychology  
of the play has to support him, and  
so the effect is not one of normal  
Shakespearean incongruity—as with  
Macbeth, and his conscience, and  
his desires, and his wife's taunt  
that his hope of the throne was like  
a drunken man who now has woken  
pale green with hangover—but of a  
kind of lurking absurdity which the  
decorum of the structure cannot  
afford to recognize.

In one sense the resulting  
charged atmosphere is both excep-  
tionally dramatic and exceptionally  
true to life—lines and glimpses in  
the play are constantly directed and  
pointed towards the discrepancies  
between the public and the private  
sides of things, the high and courtly  
pretences and the down to earth  
ones, and the play is more searching  
and more detailed here than any  
other of Shakespeare's: the peculiar  
nature of its construction helps to  
make it so. But at a cost. For in-  
stead of intimacy with Othello and  
his thought we are constantly aware  
of the discrepancy between how he  
wants to think, and how he actually  
finds himself thinking. And this  
cannot but put us on the outside  
of him. If we are much aware of  
it, or alienate us from him, or  
criticize, from Rymen to Leavis have  
been alienated. There is an under-  
side of course, to Nether's thought,  
as there is to Macbeth's. But  
brooding over his mother and father's  
and uncle and Othello's, his half-  
hidden torment and preoccupation  
becomes as much the onlooker's as  
Macbeth's mental world.

The mental events of neither  
Macbeth nor Othello are, for what  
is significant here, in the early stages  
of the play. It is not Othello's  
easy liability to a particular jealousy

but the revelation that his love is  
not wholly his, a wholly private  
affair, something that he can con-  
template as he contemplates his  
self and his romantic history, and  
again we have the painful combina-  
tion of Iago's subtle folk platitudes  
about sexual relations with an image  
of stalling and plaintive absurdity.  
I had been happy if the general  
camp  
Pioneers and all, had tasted not  
sweet body.

So I had nothing known.  
The idea is inescapably comic, even  
rather charming in so far as it  
reflects the sergeant-major's world  
suited to Othello's military past  
but grotesquely unsuited to his high  
romantic image of comedy exag-  
geration. This is not so much Iago's  
poison at work as a sudden revival  
of his barracks-room post breaking  
out in Othello. Yet that word  
"tasted" is in a touching way him-  
self, his private self, here brought  
into contact with the lowest and  
most traditionally licentious form  
of army life. It is like the image  
he uses before the killing of Des-  
demona.

When I have plucked thy rose  
I cannot give it vital growth again,  
It needs must wither on the tree,  
For Othello the barracks-room and  
his love for Desdemona are wholly  
incompatible, can have nothing  
whatever in common (for Des-  
demona this is not so, as we shall  
see: she is prepared to go to the  
wars in all senses).

Normally Shakespeare does not in  
the least distinguish between sex  
and love. *Romeo and Juliet* shows  
that, and in comedy and tragedy the  
two go naturally and properly to-  
gether for men and women alike.  
Claudius and Gertrude, as much as  
Porela and Bassanio, have their  
sexual tenderness as well as dis-  
tinction, and each takes for granted  
that the other takes for granted.  
But in reconstructing and re-imag-  
ining the Othello story for his  
play, Shakespeare had to divorce  
love from sex as a logical result of  
separating the romantic nobility of  
Othello from the cynical intrigue  
of Iago. The only characters for  
whom love and sex are taken grant-  
ed are the three women, Bianca, Emilia,  
and Desdemona herself. The con-  
sequences of this are bound to be  
striking, and indeed they are at the  
heart of our dramatic apprehension  
of the Othello world and the Iago  
world. The very explicit presence  
of sex as a kind of underworld in  
Othello, whereas love is a lofty  
affair of adventure and romance,  
gives us a distorted sense of a more  
Victorian *Editha* than we know.  
Here, and this goes with it, is the  
early in the nineteenth century  
after Keats's revival, Shakespeare's  
awareness of the division, and the  
need to compensate for it, are shown  
by his emphasis on the pungent  
common sense of Desdemona, and  
no less cheerful good sense of  
Desdemona, which she displays in  
conversation with the two officers  
before Othello's arrival in Cyprus.

I would feel that Othello wonder-  
fully illustrates—indeed perhaps  
the clearest illustration in all his  
work—Shakespeare's powers of  
work—two characters will do  
when they are imagined and put  
into a dramatic situation, and  
structure may be jeopardized, and  
so may be the audience's com-  
munion with the pair, for the inten-  
sity of their relationship squeezes  
out the looker's capacity to  
get inside and take part, but that  
emerges from their creation is the  
way in which an absolute difference  
between two men, Othello and Iago,  
can drag into its area of high ten-  
sion the hermeneutic world of sex  
and love and split them, violently,  
into two worlds, one of extreme  
suspicion, Othello's extreme suspi-  
cion, and the other of extreme  
trust, Iago's extreme trust. Iago  
has led the critics who view him  
as an interesting study in egoism  
to say that he is ready to receive  
such suggestions even before they  
have begun. But Iago's work is  
Iago, half-way and makes his work  
easy, and his plausibility absolute.  
There is much in that Iago as far  
as Iago is talking about sex, for the  
mention of sex in connection with  
the woman he loves is not only  
subject to Othello. The Iago is  
concrete of old in terms of anger,  
where she is concerned, and him-  
self in terms of both is at the root  
of the disaster.

To the onlooker, the fact that  
Othello does not in his efforts  
to get inside Iago's mind, but  
Iago's mind is not only a subject  
to Iago, but a subject to Iago, and  
Iago is not only a subject to Iago,  
but a subject to Iago, and Iago is  
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**By Stanley Wells**

**THE MERITOCRATIC  
INTELLECT**  
*Studies in the History of  
Educational Research*  
ed J. V. Smith, David Hamilton

wood use of it, amending the basic text, on the authority, or with the support, of its malign predecessor at over a hundred points. Some of the adoptions that he records are, of course, misprints, and others (though he says that these are 'silently altered', and, spelling variants). Others are more important, including the restitution of a phrase (11.1.44), of two whole lines (11.1.45, 11.2.4), and the deletion of a line (11.2.6). Then I deny you, wars' (Viomo), where the 'good' text reads 'deny'. AH these emendations, so far as I can tell, have been made by one or more of the editors. Dr Gibbons makes his personal selection of what to retain, and what to delete, in 11.1.101, with well-reasoned justification. He is occasionally inconsistent: for instance, at 11.1.99 he 'corrects' the more or less basic text, 'reading bastion' for 'beluon', but at 11.1.100 he retains the same sense, by getting the more original 'bastion' where OQ has 'beluon'.

This refusal is consonant with what seems to me, a frequent and regrettable, reluctance on the part of Shakespeare editors to add directions for action which are clearly required. Admittedly the addition of directions for action which is obvious from the dialogue may seem superfluous. But if we take the first example, I think so, even after Tybalt has been killed at line 97, "Shew, coward," it is permissible to add the direction, "(They) flye from the first folio; which has no authority (though the absence of brackets round "flye" implies that it may). You will also add directions for equally necessary action-words like "from villan Capulet" (line 106), "to mee" (line 117) etc. For example, take a footnote which might be suggested:

Certainly this would improve the logic. At III.iii.40-43' he proposes what appears to be an original, relieving of a difficult passage, and at III.180, following Harold Jenkins's refinement of a suggestion by John Crow, he reads "lign'd" Of fair demeanour, youthful and nobly stuff'd, as tier say, with honourable part.

The reading could be supported by noting the -d connecting "lign'd" with "lign'd" (OED 3) and "stuff'd".

Although I have suggested a few points at which I think the text could be improved, I do not want to imply that this edition falls below the standard expected of the Arden series. This is a generally sound

You would know nothing of Greek musicians' subsequent influence on Zeffirelli's adaptation of *Hamlet*. In fact, you would not know—except if you had a reference, in a footnote, to Zeffirelli's *Old Vic* production of *Hamlet* that it had been performed since Shakespeare's time, and that that it has been one of the most successful plays on the English stage, has been filmed more often than any other. Shakespeare plays accept *Hamlet*, and has inspired its creators, such as Beethoven, Corneille, Chukhovsky, Prokofiev, and Lennart Bernstejn.

But, perhaps it is too much to expect that you should, as a student, be made on an editor, as many students are, to read the text of *Hamlet* and disparate. There is a great many different views as to its function and something must be left to the

found herself a creative collaborator, for, such as Basil Bernstein. But for this book there seems to have been a network of seminars, composed of working under-labourers. Her co-author, Baron Isherwood, is a economist at the Department of Health and Social Security, and I take it, helped ground her imagination in the ordinary materials of the subject. The axle of their joint project is the Levi-Straussian notion that consumption goods are good things, making visible and statable the parameters of culture. Goods are the hardware and software of a information system, which can be made into its own performance, to mediate and announce our relationships one with another. Such an approach runs counter to the usual procedures of economic analysis, which

**By David Martin**

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But are the two sets of criteria really apt, or so closely interdependent that it would be wrong to ignore the political interests which, for example, the academic work of the Wallas expressed and to some extent served. If Marshall and James seem less compelling examples, it remains true that the direction of much work in the social sciences in this period was determined by the moral and political outlook of those who undertook it. Thus a proper study of L. T. Hobhouse is necessarily concerned with liberalism and sociology. This is not to say that ideology subsumes science, all those who identify themselves with the character of the thinker's work is an adequate proxy for determining its scientific value. There may be something to be said for Professor

retaining a utilitarian psychological basis and ethics, they were content to rely upon the moral authority of the State to impose their goals. With their sharp mental distinction between means and ends, they had much in common with the elitist social psychologists. McDougall can in this respect be seen as the heir of the eminent tradition of the "democratic" as well as the "elitist" as evil. Tainted by original sin, it could hardly be a source of spontaneous progress. McDougall himself tried to salvage the possibility of progress by looking to the future. This was a social vision with its own internal logic, but it was in view of the fundamental irrationality characteristic of all human nature, the elite itself fell under suspicion. McDougall ultimately took refuge in the notion of an organic community which was

ally for the benefit of the great majority of men permanently excluded of the low status categories. This certainly indicates a different position on the spectrum from Williams; whether it is on the other side of a great divide may be more questionable. In the Twenties, Professor Solovov sums up triumphant Soviet Russia as the low status class, and as still Wallace's: there are formidable institutional compulsions governing behaviour, but training could provide an environment capable of redirecting those compulsions, to ends of social betterment, individual and social. These are important questions, and this scholarly book sheds much light on them. Indeed, it stimulates further interest in them which may well entreat the solutions it contains.

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## Scandal by the sea

By Jennifer Uglow

JULIAN RATHBONE:  
A Last Resort  
272pp. Michael Joseph, £5.95.  
0 7181 1834 7

Julian Rathbone is a versatile writer with a gift for parody. His last work, *Joseph*, was an imitation of an eighteenth-century novel but in *A Last Resort* he dons the guise of a twentieth-century satirical realist, producing the familiar shabby, academic anti-hero—in this case an art teacher at a local comprehensive who stumbles to self-knowledge through a series of confrontations with the prejudices and pretensions of the society surrounding him.

The basic idea has a typical ingenuity. Building on an uncomplimentary mention of a seaside town in *Sandwich*—“A most insubstantial of my life before”—Rathbone creates Brinsford, originally a small fishing port, rising to resort status in the nineteenth century, and now dependent on light industry, notably the making of wadlagers, machines and devices—“I’ll all be done in a TRICE”. As the economic base of the town changes, so the buildings of the past, from fishermen’s cottages to the Terrace and the Assembly Rooms, disappear to make way for car parks and Leisure Centres, and the surrounding countryside is threatened by a flood of Scandinavian style bungalows.

The novel progresses through a series of events which are dated very precisely (a week in June 1978) by references to radio and television programmes, newspaper articles, political events, and songs—if the book has a theme tune it is Ian Dury’s “What a Waste”. With equal precision the large cast of characters are trapped like spectators, their particular place in a subtle class structure defined by minute descriptions of their habitat

and way of life—make of car, dress, interior decoration, food, drink, sexual fantasies. Sometimes this attacks of self-conscious cleverness, patronizing to characters and readers alike, and gives a sense not of period but of datedness. But there is much that is fierce and funny and the effect of the careful detail is to create a general picture rather than individual histories.

This general reference is reinforced by the characters’ names: even those described in some complexity are linked to abstract qualities—Frank Dangerfield, Ernest Copeman—while the novel abounds in sharp caricature—The Rev Sham-coll, Ossie White (National Front follower who uses underpaid Asians to run his grocery shop), Mrs. Flash (Truskyne community artist), Lucie Shiner (brilliant social worker), Dr. Naylor-Priest (child psychiatrist), Miss Barnacle-Flavell (eccentric aristocratic conservationist) and so forth.

The week’s happenings include the death of an elderly worker, an epic struggle to extract a relative from a mental hospital from the Department of Social Intervention (updated Circumlocution Office), the pranks of two well-heeled adolescent aristocrats, and a school disco. All illustrate the gross stupidity, the humanity and pretentiousness of the contemporary establishment, as revealed by church, council, educational theorists and civil servants, and the even more dangerous tendencies of a rising managerial class, whose creed of self-interest blots out the past and threatens the future. The families in Merivale estate are shown to live in an atmosphere of uneasy hedonism which drives the men to fascism, the women to tranquillizers and the children either to court or to the psychiatrist.

We are allowed three lucid commentaries on this self-deluded society. All three are artists: Frank Dangerfield, teacher and painter of realist pictures which do not sell; Ernest Copeman, council surveyor with a private crusade to

reverse vandilistic bureaucratic decisions; and amateur painter of romantic sunsets which do sell; and Miriam Trivet, a working-class student. While the two men tend to avoid confrontation, Miriam is depicted as a fighting spirit, clinging to the image of Dickens’s physician in *Little Dorrit*, whose “half grain of reality... will favour an enormous quantity of dilution”.

*A Last Resort* is full of splendid set pieces—parodies of a sermon, a headmaster’s speech, an essay, and a scathing account of the “Will Shakespeare” on television. But the mixture is bitter rather than blindly comic. In a central incident an inconclusive sixth-former hands in a sentimental essay on the choice of a career, which meets with such official approval that it is read out at assembly, but later turns out to be by Karl Marx. The perpetrator of this hoax is black, from a single parent home—he is suspended from school with consequent risk to A levels and future career. Meanwhile a white middle class child responsible for the death of his dam, who escapes a court appearance as a result of “contacts” between headmaster, police superintendent and the father’s managing director.

Despite the attack on late capitalist hypocrisy and the very sympathetic presentation of a Marxist analysis, this is conservative rather than revolutionary satire. It is full of nostalgia for tradition and historical continuity and it ends appropriately in a zone age, ringed on a ridge of the Dunes. The full title reads *A Last Resort... for these times and the pun refers not only to the town itself but to the place of art in a world full of Brinsfords. Ern and Frank both turn to art as a refuge whereas Miriam urges that it should be a “beginning”. The novel itself is stronger in attack than in positive theorizing and, as one suspects that Rathbone is admitting, may deserve Miriam’s comment on Frank’s painting of the vandalized shelter and Leisure Centre: “a sort of arrogant. And yet so what?” passive, ironic, which I liked, but impotent”.*

## Listen with mother

By Patricia Craig

GILLIAN MARTIN:  
Living Arrows  
228pp. Heinemann, £5.95.  
0 434 4512 8

The subject of Gillian Martin’s third novel is a death-watch, a vigil by the bedside of a perfectly dread, old woman who is in the act of compounding twenty years of offensiveness to her daughter-in-law, Val, by dying in her home, upsetting her good children, distressing her husband, and depriving Val herself of many precious hours of sleep.

This is not at all the view the author would wish us to take. Val, the central character and narrator, uses the night hours to review the troublesome relationship (historically a difficult one), recalling its most exasperating moments in a spirit of willed tolerance, careful not to discount her own share of blame, if blame is to be apportioned. Elizabeth Bowen once said that even the quickest backward look makes everything fall into order—if only “a momentary order, the order of a mind”. The mind of a person attending to her husband’s dying mother may all too easily be imagined.

Truly, Val has had a lot to put up with. Barbara—the terrible lady is called Barbara, or Baba, or Bonifera, or Little Seal—is per, inconsistent, querulous, rude and unreasoning. Like an indulged child in a party dress, she has “little me” written all over her. She wears the colour pink as insistently as Barbara Cartland. Her nose is large and her figure plump. She calls her dog “woofkins” and coos at it; she calls her daughter-in-law a bag of bones and jeers at her. Val’s teaching job is dismissed as “gadding about”. When the young married people organize a party, mother is there, interposing her pink-clad form between those of dancing

complex, in discourage laughter. When Val’s new son is born home from hospital, Barbara comes bursting in, declaring: “I do want my grandchild brushing its dirty air. He’ll be retarded!” In two women face one another what is fast becoming a character state of discord. “Be a baby,” says one. “I know who best for him,” says the other. The moment of deadlock provides the cue for a third male voice to enter a classic rebuke. “Silly girl!” “I suppose it was the right line to take,” thinks Val, years later. “I suppose it must have been. She does well to feel doubtful. Someone surely ought to have put a stop to Barbara.”

Mother-in-law trouble has long been part of the stock-in-trade of farce, and Gillian Martin goes as far as any comic novelist could in devising set-pieces in which the old hag’s capers can cause embarrassment. There’s very little humour in the exercise, however it’s only in retrospect that Val can laugh and she still remembers how she reacted (she often fails) and how, in an earnest, well-meaning, temperate novel the mother-in-law defects seem curiously overdone. Barbara is not presented as a “character”: there is usually something strong, abrasive and admirable in people to whom that term is applied. She is just a trial and a nuisance. She might be seen as a warning to the cherished, if her awfulness could be taken seriously. (Going further back into the past we find that mother and husband conspired to conspire to keep a baby.) But the author has brought too many clichés of bad behaviour into her story.

Perhaps we’re meant to see Barbara as a necessary irritant in Val’s life, a disturber of complacency and producer of salutary friction. She is all these things; but she’s also supposed to represent an ordinary well-off housewife, a suburban “type”, a woman moreover, no less deserving than anyone else of that effort of the imagination which fosters understanding. This combination isn’t convincing.

## Camp conflicts

By Louis Burnard

T. CORAGHISSAN BOYLE:  
Descent of Man  
219pp. Gollancz, £5.95.  
0 575 02788 6

There is a facile nastiness about many stories in this small collection which can be intended only hypothetically in outrage. In truth, of course, we are all far too urbane to be moved by such hackneyed situations as the anthropologist’s wife having it away with an ape, the skids running first blood, and their shift on a household of happy hippies, an astronaut first farting and then masturbating in zero gravity, to say nothing of the various spiders (“as big as a two egg omelette”) which turn up with surprising regularity within these pages. Faced with the high (low?) camp of an ostentatious gay life in a sickening amalgam of American menu-cards and Harry Carpenter at his most poetic, the correct reaction is all too predictable: Mr. Boyle is, indeed, a “master of black humour” and generally disillusioned about the human condition. (Even for a blurb writer, even in these godless days, that juxtaposition of disillusionment and genitality might perhaps have given some occasion for hesitation—but let it pass.)

What oppositions, then, are mediated by these tales? Well, of course, we have those good old bogies of modern American writing—dirt, blood, vomit, etc. versus plastic forks, deodorants, etc. (“Deodorant,” says Boyle, “is the most Green Hell?”). Harry Moon (“I’ve have women—some sharp for their unrattable, oneness,” says Boyle, “the Chape” (“A woman’s restaurant” (“John Barleycorn,” says Boyle, “Drinks the...”) and so on. The



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## Ups and downs

By Alan Jenkins

ZOE OLDENBOURG:  
La Joie-Souffrance  
763pp. Paris: Gallimard.

Zoe Oldenbourg’s new novel has a nineteenth-century look and its virtues are undeniably of that century: the buttonholing narrative, familiarity with a circumvented but varied world, and with the reader (no worries about authority or point of view here); the prodigiously detailed rendering of social and personal events, and the sense of solidity, of background, given by an abundance of concrete imagery and historical reference.

Her narrative, long but far from leisurely, charts the *amour fou* of Vladimir Thal, a literary, intellectual refugee from post-revolutionary Russia, and Victoria Klimontev, the ravishing, school-friend of his daughter. Thal, his lovely, devoted wife Myrrha, their three children, plus the Thal parents, all live (on top of each other, in the best Eastern European tradition) in the Russian “colony” of 1930s Paris.

Vladimir does translations and helps in a grocery; his wife works as a chef and quietly goes on with her painting. When he leaves to move in with his young mistress, their gently ducous bourgeois existence (ten and a half, an literary gatherings at the select and the *Compote*) is shattered. Everyone except the saintly Myrrha is scandalized, and a pattern of self-destructiveness established. Thal is persecuted by Victoria’s omnibipet, brutal father, and as a result of one of their meetings he contracts a lung disease and dies. Victoria, “ne vaillant pas aux choses de l’amour melle Tholomiste”, throws herself from the top of Notre Dame.

Other figures, a successful brother-in-law, a fitted fiancée, and numerous relatives and friends, come more or less large and the unforgiving intensity of the central drama infects much else besides: encounters to Pushkin, Rimbaud,

St Petersburg, Stalin, and the Russian “son” in pace, and in the dialogue that makes up the bulk of the novel are skillfully managed, though Ms Oldenbourg does not resist often enough the temptations of “poetry”—the simplicity and directness of her prose is accordingly charged-up with resonant hyperbole, fanciful metaphor and quotations from the poets themselves (though quoting, to be fair, is second nature to her characters). Vividly carry the weight of powerful feeling, of the can also embrace the flammas of *reportage*: omniscience, especially when people’s inner lives take over, sometimes leads her to spell things out too clearly.

For all the book’s romanticism and occasional unrealities, Thal in his “immense egoisme” and Victoria in her childish, yet somehow very adult determination, make credible doomed lovers; their progress towards the inevitable is, at times, genuinely moving. Delicacy of psychological perception may be sacrificed to a succession of emotional crises, but such moments are handled with panache—what is lacking in insight is more than made up for by generosity. The novel’s four parts describe a great arc

through heights and depths of *joie and souffrance*, the title phrase comes from a poem by Blok, taking in the tragedy of ruined lives and lost innocence, and just about everything else, on the way; behind it all we sense the conviction that personalities and passions, not history or circumstance, are the really unmanageable forces.

Paradoxically, though, Zoe Oldenbourg’s writing is most effective when it evokes time, place and atmosphere. The closed, almost claustrophobic Russian or Russian-Jewish emigre world of parties and cafés, families and strained loyalties, the struggle for dignity or survival, the nostalgia, pride and vulnerability of the Displaced Person—towards these Oldenbourg’s vision mixes tenderness and severity in the manner of Thal’s mother, Tatiana, her own ironic or melancholy, never harsh. The rich cluster of interiors, the patterns of light and shade on a wall or the peculiar weave of a cushion, take on an almost emblematic force—there is a warmth in them which should be celebrated, and through them Zoe Oldenbourg’s novel transcends mere self-indulgence, conveying memorably the fine grain of life in a society from which not many other voices survive.

## Lyric

Mist of the full moon,  
star bracts,  
slender cloudiness  
like the roots of an embryo.

And the rain called Melusie or Marit.

And the earth-light fading from the white beaches.

And candle cornucopias in the little bedroom,  
an avalanche of candlelight.

Now I remember the deer park by the sea,  
the animals widening into daylight  
and the moon’s slender brightness.

Penelope Shuttle